

CHARIVARIA.

"The bombardment," says Mr. COURLANDER in a graphic telegram to *The Express*, "has stopped, and the moon is rising above Tarabosh, scarred and battered by the shells." This seems to point to wild high firing by some of the combatants.

Arrangements, we hear, are being made by a benevolent gentleman, whereby news as to the progress of the war will shortly be supplied from London to the special correspondents at the front.

"Among the prisoners taken at Kossani by the Greeks," a cable tells us, "were two German officers. Is it possible that these were a couple of the deadly Germs referred to at the beginning of the war, which the Turks, in an official communication from Athens, were declared to be about to use in fighting their enemies?"

"GENERAL FITCHEFF AT WORK.

BULGARIA'S MOLTKE." Thus *The Globe*. It looks at present as if Bulgaria's MOLTKE was doing better than Turkey's VON DER GOLTZ.

Thirty-eight Mexican rebels captured in a skirmish near Saltillo are reported to have been executed without the formality of obtaining their names. We believe this renders their execution null and void.

Mr. J. W. HYDE, we read, has presented the Museum at the General Post Office with a number of interesting relics. Until this intimation, we had no idea that the General Post Office possessed a Museum. The pens which one finds at post offices, also the chained pencils and the blotting-paper, are, we take it, loans from that collection.

Anything which is calculated to make bad blood between England and France is to be regretted, and we are sorry that Mr. P. G. KONODY, in attempting, in the columns of *The Observer*, to fix the responsibility for the English Post-Im-

pressionists, should support the view that their debt to the French is enormous.

We understand the reason of the spirited bidding last week at Sotheby's for the *Vanity Fair* portrait of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to be the piquancy of the situation. The CHANCELLOR, whose

"A start," we read, "has been made with the erection at Epsom of a new asylum for the London County Council." What, then, is to become of the building they are putting up on the south side of the Thames?

It transpired in a recent action for damages that a spectator at a football match at Cardiff had his knee-cap broken owing to a barrier giving way. While expressing sympathy with the individual sufferer, we cannot forbear to take a sneaking pleasure in the thought that the thousands of sportsmen who are content to spend their afternoons watching our gladiators do also run a certain amount of risk of damage.

"In practical life," says Sir J. COMPTON RICKETT, "there are three things which need handling with extreme care. They are gunpowder, choirs, and boys." What the effect is when the choir boys are brought into contact with the gunpowder the Fifth of November bears witness.

Fifty mayors of seaside resorts on the Atlantic coast of France have passed a motion in favour of taxing all visitors. A similar tax is imposed in many towns in Germany. There it is called a "Kurtax." French politeness will, we are sure, be able to devise a more tactful name than this.

Apparently, after all, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT did not enjoy his American trip. "It is a nice question," he says in *Those United States*, "how many of the opinions formed on the first visit would survive the ordeal of the second." "Ordeal" is an ugly word.

The news from the musical world this week is somewhat baffling. "A set of very jolly and effective Old English Dances by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, heard on Friday," says *Truth*, "constituted the final novelty of the season, while earlier in the week some clever variations on 'Down Among the Dead Men,' by Mr. JULIUS HARRISON, were also well worth hearing." We have a suspicion that there is a mistake here, and that the latter work is by ALGERNON, our Funeral Champion.

CULTURE IN RURAL DISTRICTS.



HOW MUCH LONGER IS THE CRUDE SCARECROW TO BE ALLOWED TO DISFIGURE THE COUNTRYSIDE?



WILL NOT SOME OF OUR SCULPTORS OBLIGE WITH A FEW OF THEIR UNSOLD EFFORTS AND THEREBY ENNOBLE AND INSPIRE THE TILLER OF THE SOIL AND, PERHAPS, PROVIDE A MORE EFFECTIVE BIRD-FRIGHTENER?

spies have been trying to draw landlords, had himself been drawn by a SPY.

According to some statistics given by *The Car* more persons are killed by trains than by motor-omnibuses. Still, the motor-omnibuses must not lose heart; they must remember that the trains have had more practice at the game than they.

OLD Q.

HUSHED the voice of mirth among
Europe's Ministerial purlieus,
Save where someone opes his lung

In a wailing like a curlew's:—
"He is dying! There is no
Chance for dear old STATUS Quo!"

Softly fall the steeléd feet
Of the First-class Christian Nations;
All the Chancellors you meet
Seem to be his near relations;
Murmuring, "We shall miss him. Oh,
How we loved old STATUS Quo!"

Long they'd patched his tender spot,
Long had nursed him in a jealous
Christian spirit, saying, "What
Inconvenience it would spell us
If, one day, a fatal blow
Finished good old STATUS Quo!"

Now the Powers, the Great (and Good)—
All their men and all their horses—
Cannot, even if they would,
Reconstruct his vital forces;
Cannot rectify the low
Pulse of poor old STATUS Quo.

Only they who knocked him out,
Whom his sorry plight he owes to,
They, the little powers, no doubt,
Could revive him if they chose to;
But they won't; they say, "What ho!
We are sick of STATUS Quo!"

But the Others, looking wise,
Talk in concert, all denying
Very flatly their surprise
At his sudden taste for dying:—
"Why, we told you long ago,
All was up with STATUS Quo!"

So the Nations watch and wait,
Anxious each to do her duty
Should a fellow-Christian State
Jump her claim to any booty,
Any swag that's like to flow
From the loss of quaint old Quo.

O. S.

The Super-Pup.

"Pup puppies, splendid pedigrees."
Advt. in "Northern Daily Telegraph."

The *Saturday Review*, commenting
on a speech by the KAISER, says:—

"He can speak of the deep things without
unction or any offensive at-homeness in
Zion. To be able to speak like that is
worth many blazers."

This is a new and useful currency of
esteem. We hope to be able by-and-
by to appraise the KAISER for a speech
that is worth three O.U.B.C. blazers,
a pair of running shorts (shrunk), a
Putney Tennis Club Tie, a Cambridge
cricket blue, 1894 (a vintage year), a
racquets sweater, and a pair of brogues
(golfing, not Irish).

EFFICIENCY.

Very urgent.

TO PRIVATE PARKINS.

As you have not yet fired your stan-
dard Test in Musketry, this is to remind
you that *Saturday next* is the *last pos-
sible day*, and if you fail to pass you
will not be efficient, and will render
yourself liable to prosecution.

(Signed) J. BLANKY BLANK,
Capt. and Adjt.

I rang the bell and sent to the nursery
for Felicity. It was Felicity who was
responsible. It was Felicity who had
told me in June how splendid I should
look in uniform. In July it was Fe-
licity (and her cat) who had practised
"forming fours" with me on the lawn.
It was Felicity who, on the fateful first
of August, had packed me off to Camp
with my equipment fastened on wrong
way up, and a hot-water bottle (shade
of HORATIUS!) in my kit-bag. It was
Felicity, therefore, who should now
encounter the full tide of my reproach.

The door opened, and my little
daughter came in.

I showed her the alarming document.

"What do you make of that?" I asked.

She gazed at it solemnly.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "you *have*
been and gone and done it."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I
have *not* been and gone and done it.
That is just the trouble: and I blame
you entirely. I knew from the start
these military operations would end in
a cry."

"What's to-day?" she asked.

I enlightened her.

"The day," I said, "is Saturday.
The hour is 3 P.M. Lighting-up time,
4.30 P.M. Venus is an evening star.
Vegetables in season are—"

"Papa," she cried, "we must order
the car round at once."

I looked out of the window.

"I might conceivably shoot by
candle-light," I said, "but working
under such conditions I can hardly
expect to make a good score."

"Can you shoot anyway?" she
asked.

"Shoot?" I exclaimed. "My dear
child! Do think before you speak. But,
as a matter of fact, I shall be a little
out of practice. I believe the last time
I handled a rifle was that evening at
Earl's Court."

"And then you only hit one glass
ball, you know."

"Glass ball, indeed," I cried indig-
nantly. "I shot the running Rhino-
ceros at ten yards—twice."

"Did you? Good. Well, I'll run
up and dress immediately."

"You are not coming," I said. "I
cannot allow it. There may be danger."

Felicity drew herself up and clapped
her heels smartly together.

"If there is to be danger," she said,
"then I am coming as a nurse."

Half an hour later we descended from
the car, I in my immaculate top hat,
fur overcoat and spats, Felicity en-
veloped in what she describes as her
musquashes, with a red cross on her
left arm; and by forced marches across
ploughed fields and over five-barred
gates, we reached the rifle range.

A sergeant attired in khaki was
having his tea in the pavilion.

Carrying our umbrellas at the trail,
we marched in and presented arms.

"Prepare for night operations," I
said.

He responded to my greeting with
little or no enthusiasm. It appeared
that I had no business to put it off till
the last moment; that he had been
there all day, and now would probably
miss his train. We found him quite
brusque, even for a sergeant.

"Come, come, fellow," I said. "Pro-
duce the fire-arm. I am chafing for
the conflict."

He selected a weapon, and we went
out to the firing line. On the way I
made them a short address: "'Would
that we now had here,'" I said, "'but
one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land who do no work to-day.'"

"The fewer men," said Felicity,
"the greater share of honour. Oh, do
not wish one more."

A grunt from the sergeant seemed to
indicate his concurrence with this view.

Presently we arrived at a place where
a piece of dissipated-looking cocoanut
matting was spread upon the ground.

"Lie down," he commanded.

"Lie down?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, lie down," repeated the ser-
geant unmoved.

I turned to Felicity.

"Run back to the car, my dear, and
tell the chauffeur to bring a couple of
rugs."

"Oh, Papa," she protested, "we can-
not afford the delay. It is the time for
prompt action."

"Well, well," I said. "It is the
fortune of War." And giving her my
beautiful hat I prostrated myself with-
out further hesitation.

"Now take careful aim," said the
sergeant, indicating the target. "Go
steady."

"I know all about it," I replied.
"First I give it a slow and well-directed
fire. Then I crawl up closer and give
it a rapid and devastating fire. Then,
under cover of that, I fix my bayonet,
rise with a loud yell and charge it."

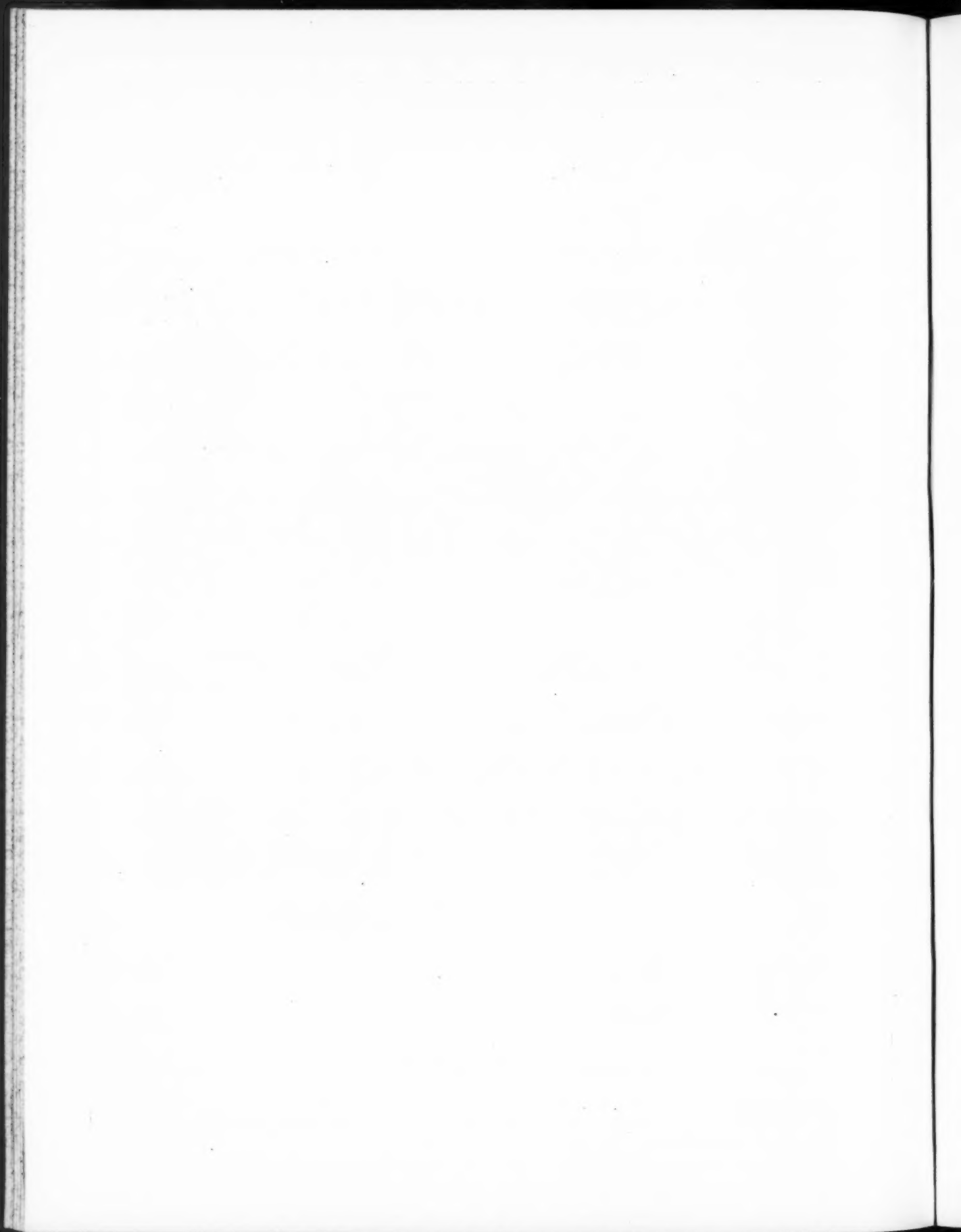
He contradicted me—a habit to which
sergeants are all too frequently prone.



SEMI-DETACHMENT.

GAMEKEEPER (*to poacher*). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*innocently*). "I MUST REFER YOU, SIR, TO THE FERRET, WHO IS ACTING INDEPENDENTLY."



THE DISTRESSING DECADENCE OF THE FASHION-PLATE YOUNG LADY.



AS WE KNEW HER TEN YEARS AGO.



AS WE MEET HER TO-DAY.

There is little to describe in a demonstration of musketry. One shot from a rifle is very much like another. It gives a sudden bang when you least expect it and disappears for ever. Nevertheless, I was absorbed in the occupation, and although during the occasional lulls in the din of battle I heard the murmur of conversation behind me I paid little heed to my companions.

But as I was cramming the last rounds of ammunition into the musket my attention was suddenly arrested by an unmistakable sound. The sound of somebody being kissed. Turning smartly round, I was just in time to see Felicity's arms slipping from the sergeant's burly neck. He instantly produced an enormous note-book and buried his head in it.

"All right," he said quickly. "That's good enough. You've passed. You're efficient. Fall out."

Felicity clapped her hands vigorously.

"Bravo, bravo," she cried. "You've beaten the record."

I rose, and taking my top hat, which my little daughter had casually laid on the ground, placed it upon my head.

"I had not even finished," I replied with dignity; "but I have had enough. I will cease fire."

Whereupon I took my little daughter's

hand, and giving the sergeant a haughty stare, which, however, I must own, seemed to have little effect upon him, marched her off.

In unbroken silence we returned to the car, I thinking over certain phrases of paternal censure appropriate to the occasion, Felicity doubtless wondering what fate was in store for her.

It was not until we had re-embarked and were under way that I took her to task.

"Now, Felicity," I said, "what is the meaning of this absurd behaviour? You seize an opportunity when your poor father is lying on his face becoming efficient for his country's sake to carry on an outrageous flirtation with a—sergeant-at-arms."

Felicity gazed down at her ridiculous musquash muff. Her eyelashes flickered.

"Oh, Papa," she said, "what ingratitude."

"Ingratitude," I shouted; "what next?"

"Yes, ingratitude," she replied. "My dear Papa, you surely don't imagine you'd ever have got efficient off your own bat?"

"But you said I beat the record."

"You beat a record," said Felicity, "because you never hit the target at all."

N.B.—TO THE GENTLE READER—If you are inspired by this article to join the Territorials, please take it with you when you go. This will ensure my getting the credit I deserve. It will also ensure your getting a Christmas Card from Felicity.

P.S.—(By special permission of the author.) Yes, and perhaps you may be a sergeant, too, some day.—F.

Tossing the Blanket.

"During this week the whole of the Candidates for the East and West Wards will be thrown on the Sheet with other Notable Townsmen."—*Advt. in "Warwick Advertiser."*

"Fortunately for the workman, the glass fell perpendicularly, for had it fallen vertically the accident in all probability would have proved serious."—*Taranaki Daily News.*

But a horizontal descent is really safest.

From a catalogue:—

"One Quarter cask containing 14 dozens of —'s magnificent old very Tawny—a wine of suburb quality and finish."

We know that port.

"The Servians have advanced on their 'Anabasis' or march to the sea."

"Daily Mail" leader.

What would "our special Greek correspondent" say to this?

PROFESSOR BILLINGER'S DOWNFALL;

OR,

THE EXTINCT-GAME HUNTERS.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor Billinger, Lord John Kangar, Professor Winterly and Mr. Watsons of "The Daily Trail." By Cunning Toyle.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR BILLINGER, the great sporting agent of St. James's Street, was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; and, being both a Rugby International and a pushing journalist, I have seen a good deal. If he resembled anything it was one of those cocoanuts with eyes and beards in greengrocers' windows; but, as a matter of fact, he did not resemble anything or anybody, except in his photograph, where his eyes remind one of those of a famous writer of detective stories. He was, as Lord John Kangar said of him, "so dooced *sui generis*, don't you know." His head was immense and shaggy and red; his arms were like JACK JOHNSON'S; whereas his legs recalled those of a dachshund. To these physical attractions were allied a brain of gigantic power, a colossal egoism, the worst manners in the world, horrible language and a temper like a whirlwind. Visitors to his sporting agency in St. James's Street left either by the window or an ambulance, or both.

This sounds unprepossessing, but since only Billinger's agency knew where the best pterodactyl shooting and mastodon stalking were to be had, and since I had to do a little of each in order to win Gladys and satisfy the editor of *The Daily Trail* that I was worth my salt, I was forced to call on him. Our interview began in his office and finished in the St. James' Park duck-pond, whither we had progressed locked in each other's arms and rolling over and over to the complete disorganization of the traffic. But—I had secured the shooting!

CHAPTER II.

I pass over my subsequent six months in Charing Cross Hospital and come to the constituents of our party. First, there was Lord John Kangar, the

famous big-game hunter, collector of bibelots, and nut. Next, Professor Winterly, Billinger's bitter rival and a profound disbeliever in the truthfulness of his inventories. Lastly, myself, who was to write an account of everything that happened and send it every night to my paper, no matter how far away from civilization we might be, and incidentally to win Gladys. Whether or not she was really worth winning, I never quite made up my mind; but the motive has a romantic flavour.

CHAPTER X.

Judge of our surprise when, on at last arriving in the centre of South America, four thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon (I am pledged

before. We looked in vain for their bones. After many days' travelling we reached an unclimbable cliff. "We're up against it this time, no bloomin' error," said Lord John. Winterly was silent, but he looked at Billinger with a sardonic expression that said as plainly as words, "I told you so." "Unclimbable, is it?" said Billinger. "Wait a moment;" and drawing out his tobacco-pouch he filled it with free hydrogen from a neighbouring geyser, attached our four saddles to it, and such was the buoyancy of the gas that we were almost instantly at the top of the cliff. I never had a more exhilarating ride. Once there, for at least five minutes Winterly ceased to jibe, such was the success of the experiment.

CHAPTER XIV.

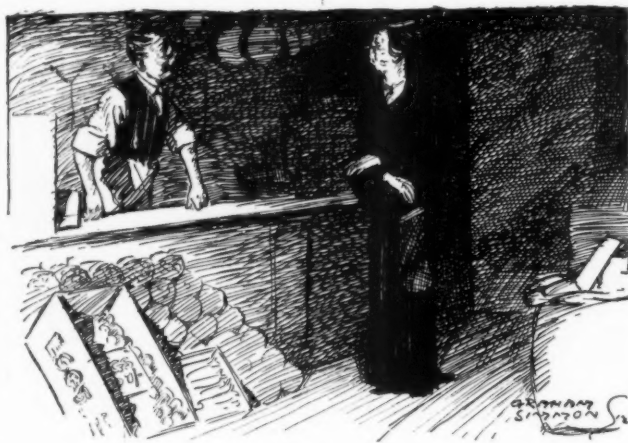
The next thing was to negotiate the impassable gorge which separated us from the estate we were to rent; but this was easily done, and at last, after days of fatigue and danger, we were in the promised land. Having made a fire and enjoyed our supper we turned in, but before doing so I wrote my account of our desperate adventures to date and posted it.

CHAPTER XV.

It was on my way back from the pillar-box that I had the most appalling experience of my life. I met a mastodon. Trained writer though I am, no words of mine can give you any idea of the horror of this creature. At first my limbs were paralysed, but then I turned and fled. Every second he drew nearer, and but for the accuracy of Lord John Kangar's aim I should never have escaped. And here I must say that where we should have been without Lord John I cannot imagine. Certainly not here to tell the tale.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the next day shooting began in earnest. After sighting his rifle on one of our natives, in the plain below, and shooting him clean, as being "almost certainly a bally scoundrel, don't you know," Lord John Kangar put up a covey of pterodactyls and brought down three; while Professor Billinger and I got one each. Billinger, I need hardly say, immediately ate his, raw. Sometimes indeed he seemed hardly



Customer. "'ARF-POUND O' BUTTER."

Shopman. "YES, MUM. THE BEST?"

Customer. "'NAW, THE WORST; SAME AS WE 'AD BEFORE."

to give no more precise particulars), we found Professor Billinger waiting for us. "Ah," remarked Winterly with his sub-acid humour, "I thought I smelt a liar." "You're another," said Billinger, and it required all the tact and physical strength of Lord John Kangar and myself, exercised for two hours, to separate them. Such contests, both of sarcastic wit and fisticuffs, were of daily occurrence. But, as Lord John, who was a master of current slang, said, "These young fellow-me-lads must be allowed their little scraps—eh, what? Dooced awkward for us, no doubt, sonny, but there it is. What ho!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Having secured a retinue of natives, we pushed on through the primeval forest, where no one except the famous travellers, Harry de Queux and William le Windt, had ever been

FIREWORKS FOR THE FIFTH.



1s. Box.



5s. Box.



GUINEA BOX.



FIVE-GUINEA BOX.

human, always excepting his eyes. Poor Winterly, now that the veracity of Billinger's pre-historic game-list had been proved, was reduced to a kind of pulp and whenever he left the camp had to be carried back by one or more of us.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was on that night, again on returning from the post, that I experienced an adventure so terrible that I can hardly bring myself to write it. Suddenly I was aware of a sound like the shunting of a goods train. Knowing that there could be no train there I was naturally curious, and, peering round a tree, I saw an animal approaching which must have been sixty yards long. It was a diplodocus. My marrow froze within me and again I ran, and again nothing saved me but Lord John's rifle. "My dear Watson," he said, "you really must give up these dooced postal errands. Let the bally paper do without your stuff for one day—ch, what?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was, I think, the next day that we completely exterminated the ape-men, or perhaps it was the day after; at any rate we killed every one—or almost every one—and then took the Tube for the plain again, Lord John having discovered the station.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Queen's Hall was crowded to hear the account of our travels, Sir HENRY WOOD and his orchestra being banished for the night. It was evident that there was to be trouble, amongst the audience being many young women with hammers and numbers of medical students with asafœtida and whistles. Professor Billinger was our spokesman. His account of our travels excited only a languid interest, and no one was in the least moved when he liberated a young pterodactyl in the hall. But when he said, in his peroration, that he himself was unique and none but himself could be his parallel, Professor Winterly brought down the house by remarking quietly, "Question." Billinger was thunderstruck. He repeated his statement and Winterly repeated his interruption. At last Billinger inquired what he meant by "Question." "I mean," said Winterly, "that you are not unique." Billinger was speechless; he flung himself at Winterly, but forty scientists on the platform, led by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and Sir E. RAY LANKESTER, held him back. "Produce your proof!" roared the audience to Winterly. "I will," he said, and signed to the attendants, who at once staggered to the platform bearing an enormous

box. "Now," said Winterly, and, opening it, he revealed the King of the Ape-men, a horrible creature exactly like Billinger, even to a cocoanut mark on his left arm.

Winterly's revenge was complete! Rising to the occasion, the audience seized him, Lord John and myself and carried us all round London, while poor Billinger was left with his double, bringing libel actions against the world.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

And what of Gladys? You will not be surprised to hear that after reading a full account of our adventures she decided to marry a less remarkable man.

Sic Vos non Vobis.

[The representatives of the eleven Powers have presented a protest to the Chinese Government against the hypothecation of a part of the salt gabelle, the whole of which is subject to prior charges and pledged in payment of the Boxer indemnity.]

'Twas ever thus in shine or shower;

We never ear-marked in Cathay

A likely source of pelf or power

But 'twas the first to melt away;

We never nursed a salt gabelle

To pay us our indemnity,

But China, when she knew us well,

Would pledge it elsewhere on the sly.

ONE OF OUR SUFFERERS.

THERE is no question before the country of more importance than that of National Health. In my own small way I have made something of a study of it, and when a Royal Commission begins its enquiries, I shall put before it the evidence which I have accumulated. I shall lay particular stress upon the health of Thomson.

"You'll beat me to-day," he said, as he swung his club stiffly on the first tee; "I shan't be able to hit a ball."

"You should have some lessons," I suggested.

Thomson gave a snort of indignation. "It's not *that*," he said. "But I've been very seedy lately, and——"

"That's all right; I shan't mind. I haven't played a thoroughly well man for a month, now."

"You know, I think my liver——"

I held up my hand.

"Not before my caddie, please," I said severely; "he is quite a child."

Thomson said no more for the moment but hit his ball hard and straight along the ground.

"It's perfectly absurd," he said with a shrug; "I shan't be able to give you a game at all. Well, if you don't mind playing a sick man——"

"Not if you don't mind being one," I replied, and drove a ball which also went along the ground, but not so far as my opponent's. "There! I'm about the only man in England who can do that when he's quite well."

The ball was sitting up nicely for my second shot, and I managed to put it on the green. Thomson's, fifty yards farther on, was reclining in the worst part of a bunker which he had forgotten about.

"Well, really," he said, "there's an example of luck for you. *Your ball——*"

"I didn't do it on purpose," I pleaded. "Don't be angry with me."

He made two attempts to get out and then picked his ball up. We walked in silence to the second tee.

"This time," I said, "I shall hit the sphere properly," and with a terrific swing I stroked it gently into a gorse bush. I looked at the thing in disgust and then felt my pulse. Apparently I was still quite well. Thomson, forgetting about his liver, drove a beauty. We met on the green.

"Five," I said.

"Only five?" asked Thomson suspiciously.

"Six," I said, holing a very long putt.

Thomson's health had a relapse. He took four short putts and was down in seven.

"It's really rather absurd," he said, in a conversational way, as we went to the next tee, "that putting should be so ridiculously important. Take that hole, for instance. I get on the green in a perfect three; you fluff your drive completely and get on in——what was it?"

"Five," I said again.

"Er—five. And yet you win the hole. It is rather absurd, isn't it?"

"I've often thought so," I admitted readily. "That is to say, when I've taken four putts. I'm two up."

On the third tee Thomson's health became positively alarming. He missed the ball altogether.

"It's ridiculous to try to play," he said with a forced laugh. "I can't see the ball at all."

"It's still there," I assured him.

He struck at it again and it hurried off into a ditch.

"Look here," he said, "wouldn't you rather play the pro.? This is not much of a match for you."

I considered. Of course a game with the pro. would be much pleasanter than a game with Thomson, but ought I to leave him in his present serious condition of health? His illness was approaching its critical stage, and it was my duty to pull him through if I could.

"No, no," I said. "Let's go on. The fresh air will do you good."

"Perhaps it will," he said hopefully. "I'm sorry I'm like this, but I've had a cold hanging about for some days, and that on the top of my liver——"

"Quite so," I said.

The climax was reached at the next hole, when, with several strokes in hand, he topped his approach shot into a bunker. For my sake he tried to look as though he had meant to run it up along the ground, having forgotten about the intervening hazard. It was a brave effort to hide from me the real state of his health, but he soon saw that it was hopeless. He sighed and pressed his hand to his eyes. Then he held his fingers a foot away from him, and looked at them as if he were trying to count them correctly. His state was pitiable, and I felt that at any cost I must save him.

I did. The corner was turned at the fifth, where I took four putts.

"You aren't going to win *all* the holes," he said grudgingly, as he ran down his putt.

Convalescence set in at the sixth when I got into an impossible place and picked up.

"Oh, well, I shall give you a game yet," he said. "Two down."

The need for further bulletins ceased at the seventh hole, which he played really well and won easily.

"A-ha, you won't beat me by *much*," he said, "in spite of my liver."

"By the way, how *is* the liver?" I asked.

"Your fresh-air cure is doing it good. Of course it may come on again, but——" He drove a screamer. "I think I shall be all right," he announced.

"All square," he said cheerily at the ninth. "I fancy I'm going to beat you now. Not bad, you know, considering you were four up. Practically speaking I gave you a start of four holes."

I decided that it was time to make an effort again, seeing that Thomson's health was now thoroughly re-established. Of the next seven holes I managed to win three and halve two. It is only fair to say, though (as Thomson did several times), that I had an extraordinary amount of good luck, and that he was dogged by ill-fortune throughout. But this, after all, is as nothing so long as one's health is above suspicion. The great thing was that Thomson's liver suffered no relapse; even though, at the seventeenth tee, he was one down and two to play.

And it was on the seventeenth tee that I had to think seriously how I wanted the match to end. Thomson at lunch when he has won is a very different man from Thomson at lunch when he has lost. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was in rather a happy position. If I won, I won—which was jolly; if I lost, Thomson won—and we should have a pleasant lunch.

However, as it happened, the match was halved.

"Yes, I was afraid so," said Thomson; "I let you get too long a start. It's absurd to suppose that I can give you four holes up and beat you. It practically amounts to giving you four biscuits."

"What about lunch?" I suggested.

"Good; and you can have your revenge afterwards." He led the way into the pavilion. "Now I wonder," he said, "what I can safely eat. I want to be able to give you *some* sort of a game this afternoon."

Well, if there is ever a Royal Commission upon the national physique I shall insist on giving evidence. For it seems to me that golf, far from improving the health of the country, is actually undermining it. Thomson, at any rate, since he has taken to the game, has never been quite fit. A. A. M.

From "To-day's Anniversaries" in *The Daily Telegraph* :—

"The White Prince drowned . . . 1120." In the unfortunate sinking of the Black Ship.



SIGHTS THAT HELP TO MAKE LONDON WORTH LIVING IN.

SHORT-SIGHTED AND SHORT-TEMPERED PLEASURE-SEEKER, WHO HAS JUST GOT A MINUTE TO CATCH HIS TRAIN, STANDING AT WHAT HE TAKES TO BE THE END OF THE BOOKING-OFFICE QUEUE.

LA MORT DU CYGNE.

(A North-Western Agony.)

A CONSTABLE is standing by;
He does not think my brain is gone;

He sees no madness in my eye
As I approach the swan;
He simply says, "Here is a gent
Of rather soft and easy bent,
Who loiters here without intent;
I do not deem it to be my
Business to move him on."

He does not know the bard beneath
The humdrum tenant of the flat;
He does not see the laurel wreath
(I wear an old squash hat)

As morn by morn with lumps of
cake
I feed the swan that swims the
lake—

Perhaps you think it a mistake
To call a pond on Hampstead Heath
So proud a name as that?

I do not care; the point is this,
That tears of pity course in rills
When I behold the Cockney's bliss
On these Arcadian hills;

Their hearts are filled with comic
cuts,
Their spirit moves in sordid ruts,
They shy away at cocoanuts;
Romantic sense is what they miss;
I mean to give them thrills.

Full sudden on the breezes borne
An ecstasy shall round them play,
A wonder shall entrance the morn
Of next Bank Holiday;
And Alf shall say, "What-ho" to
Liz,
"That is a rare old shine, that is,
It beats the concertina biz;
Twasn't a blooming motor-horn,
It's that there duck, I say."

For lo! I shall have lured the bird
(So unsuspectingly he feeds)
With poisoned doughnuts. And the
herd
That all too seldom heeds
The heavenly fire, the voice of
song,
Down to the water's edge shall
throng
(Bringing their cocoanuts along)
With pallid lips, with hearts upstirred,
To where amidst the reeds

The wild strain echoes, as on starred
And moonlight-silvered waters wan
It swelled aforeside, ere the hard
Commercial years crept on.

And, rising out of this, will be
Some trouble with the L.C.C.
Which ought to prove a puff for
me:—
"Astounding case at Hampstead. Bard
Assassinates a swan." Evoc.

Our First Aid Classes.

Extract from an essay:—

"There are four cures for a cold in the head;
the first two I cannot remember, but the other
two are fortunately well-known."

"I was not beyond the reach of English
newspapers; in fact I used to see the Parish
edition of the *Daily Mail* nearly every day."
Highworth & Sevenhampton Parish Magazine.

One has not lived until one has read
the "Society Notes" in the *Highworth
& Sevenhampton Daily Mail.*

"A poverty-stricken peasant named Timo-
tieff, in the Yenisei district of Siberia, has
just discovered a large quantity of gold under
his hat."—*Peak Downs Telegram.*

Compare "Brain is Money" in our
series of "Talks with the Young."



Husband (with bad cold, reading out war news to his wife). "I SEE THE BULGARIANS HAVE TAKEN—A-A-TCHER-T-TISHAH!"
Wife. "OH, NO, DEAR; I THINK THAT MUST BE A MISTAKE—THEY TOOK THAT PLACE LAST WEEK."

FROM THE BACK SEAT OF WAR.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MRANJA, October 30.

I.

THERE is a sudden commotion in the market-place. Bright eyes pop up above apples, grapes, red wine, white cheeses, tomatoes the size of plums, and plums the size of tomatoes, for there is a sound of horsehoofs in the distance. News from the front! At last we are to know the truth! A buzz of conversation arises, and a cheese is knocked over.

But it is only a farmer's wife, late in from the country, seated in a prehistoric vehicle, which also contains apples, grapes, red wine, white cheeses, tomatoes the size of plums, and plums the size of tomatoes. The voices die away and the bright eyes disappear, but pulses continue to beat quickly, for we have had a taste of War.

I purchase a tomato for my lunch, and pass on. The tomato is no larger than a plum, but in war one must shrug one's shoulders at hardship.

II.

I have ridden out a mile from the town in the direction of Muskub!

A straight, dusty road stretches before me; to the right lies a long, low, white building; to the left another building,

equally long, equally low, and equally white. In the distance a motor-car is speeding. Surely . . . but a close examination through field-glasses reveals the fact that it is moving away from me. Still no copy!

An old man, slightly bent and a little bowed in the legs, approaches. His boots are dusty, though it rained only a fortnight ago, and his nose is hooked. He carries a basket; perhaps he may bring news of the War.

I address the man in English, in French, in German, but he shakes his head. I speak a few words in Welsh, and say "Good morning" in Esperanto, and still he only mutters something in what I strongly suspect to be Serb, a language with which I am not acquainted. But a War Correspondent is not thus easily baffled. Consulting my compass, I point approximately in the direction of Yanitza. He turns, shades his eyes with his disengaged hand, looks, and shakes his head. I imitate with my fingers the motions of two armies meeting in battle; again he shakes his head. I point to the basket; he opens it and offers me an unripe tomato, which I politely decline. Nervous myself for a great effort, I dash forward, emulating the movements of cavalry advancing into action and at the same time emitting from my mouth

a very fair imitation of big guns booming several miles away.

I look round. The man is gone. The language of signs has failed me.

It is the fortune of War.

III.

The Press Censor sits in his office—a cheerful, smiling little man, who receives my telegram with infinite courtesy.

Suddenly he speaks a few words to the orderly beside him, who instantly produces a shining knife. The whole thing has occurred so quickly that I have barely time to pull out my pen, and my heart hammers against my ribs as I snatch off the cap.

The orderly picks up the blue pencil and sharpens it carefully. I sheathe my pen and go out.

IV.

Sentries carrying rifles appear at the street corners. It is nearly ten o'clock, and at ten o'clock, by order of the Generalissimo, lights must be extinguished and every citizen must retire within doors. Such is martial law!

Above me the stars shine, but the moon has either not risen or has sunk. A sentry coughs.

The lights go out and the streets are dark. Still the stars shine and there is no moon. In the distance a clock strikes slowly ten times.

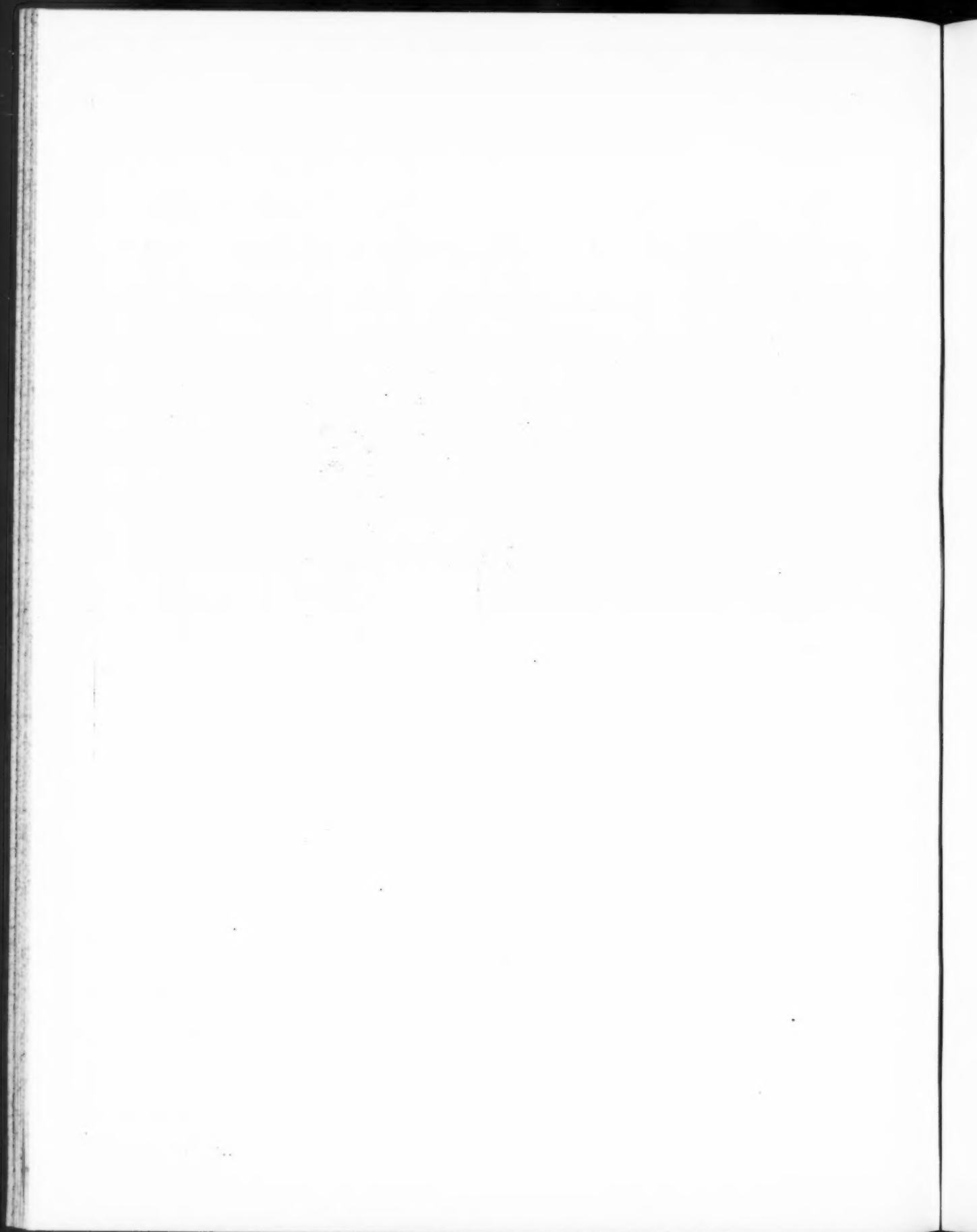
It is ten o'clock.



THE WATCHERS.

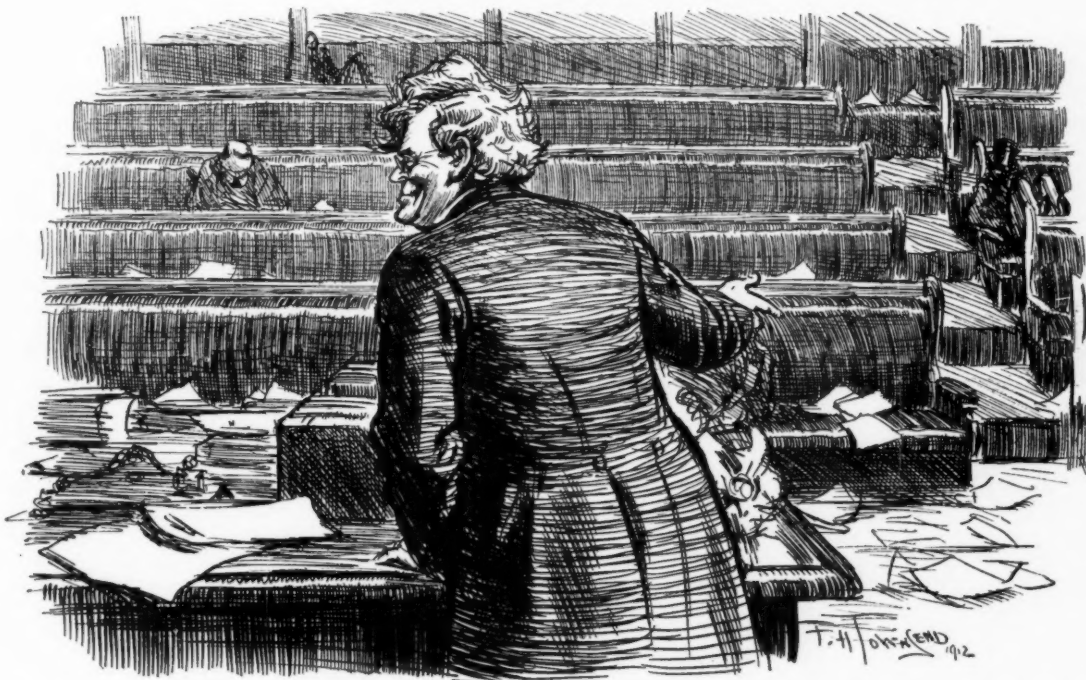
AUSTRIA (*emerging from the sick-room*). "POOR OLD STATUS QUO! I WAS VERY MUCH ATTACHED TO HIM. I SHALL BE CHIEF MOURNER."

RUSSIA. "AH, WELL—IN THAT CASE I TOO SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO CONSOLE MYSELF."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. "Sir, it is matter for painful regret to me that the Closure should curtail the arguments of the eager and crowded ranks that face me."

House of Commons, Monday, October 28.—Interesting treatise might be written on subject of extinct volcanoes in House of Commons. On historic occasion Dizzy (in Opposition) touched upon it. With characteristic lightness he confined his observations to occupants of Ministerial Bench and did not carry them beyond a single sentence. There are some score of men even in the present House who would supply material for a chapter in suggested biographical work.

Take for example the Member for Holderness Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire. On his appearance in the House a dozen years ago A. S. WILSON at once assumed the leading position natural to the modesty and energy of youth. His activity was to some extent fettered by political situation of the hour. One of the choicest fruits of Khaki election, he, on taking his seat, found himself a unit in overwhelming majority under leadership of PRINCE ARTHUR. In such circumstances, repeated to-day with a difference, there is applicable a familiar nursery dictum. Good Ministerialists, like good children, may be seen but should not be heard.

It was after the great *débâcle* of 1905 that A. S. W. found his opportunity. Returned again by a dis-

criminating and faithful constituency, he was one of a minority without hope, temporarily without a leader. Here was his chance, and he made the most of it. "Are we downhearted?" the decimated Opposition feebly asked each other. Stridently the negative sounded from back Bench above Gangway to left of SPEAKER, where sat the realised hope of the Holderness Division of the East Riding of Yorkshire. With light heart he confronted triumphant Ministers seated in gateway of their overcrowded camp. By questions pertinent and impertinent, by interruption of ordered speeches, by inopportune outbursts of ironical cheering, he kept the Unionist flag flying.

Of late years a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. Although, with reasonable measure of regularity, his face was seen in the familiar quarter, his voice was never heard.

Spell broken to-night by fresh testimony of Ministerial tyranny. Suddenly the volcano, regarded as extinct, burst afresh in flame. At four o'clock this afternoon House resumed Committee on Home Rule Bill, taking in hand Clauses V. and VI., with knowledge that, if discussion were not concluded at 10.30, aid of guillotine would be invoked. Still engaged upon discussion

of one of half a hundred amendments to Clause V. when fateful blade fell. Amendments ruthlessly cut away; Clause added to Bill.

Then the soul of A. S. WILSON stirred within him. The silence of several sessions was broken. "Do you call this fair discussion?" he inquired, addressing himself pointedly to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. No reply forthcoming, he supplied it. "It is a perfect farce," he roared.

Having once more found his voice, he used it with even greater effect when in due course Clause VI. was submitted from the Chair, without a moment's discussion of the many amendments that filled the paper.

"Not one word of discussion," A. S. W. remarked. That was perhaps obvious. What followed made amends for anything approaching the commonplace. Bending forward in his seat, unconsciously making with left hand gesture as if drawing a toga more closely over his shoulder, he stretched an accusing forefinger towards faltering figures on Treasury Bench opposite, and declaimed the following lines:—

Go and tell the country you are not allowing
Free discussion on the Home Rule Bill.

Something in stinging melody of the lines, emphasised by dramatic action,

that reminded Sir WILLIAM ANSON of outburst of the great Roman who heard passed upon him sentence of banishment:—

Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From constant contact with the things I loathe?

These unpremeditated literary coincidences always interesting to scholars.

Business done.—Two more Clauses added to Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday, 6.30 P.M.—Again in Committee on Home Rule Bill. Clause VII. dumbly waiting arrival of guillotine. Amendment raising question of working of Lord Lieutenant's Veto to Bills passed in Irish Parliament moved from Opposition side. FETHERSTONHAUGH on his legs supporting it. He was, he forlornly said, asked to trust the majority of Irish people endowed with privilege of self-government. With record of past thirty years in his mind, how could he?

"The story of those thirty years," he added, "is one of boycott, outrage, intimidation and murder."

This he said, turning towards seat of Irish leader below Gangway, speaking in dispassionate voice and manner, as if he were asking him to pass the salt.

"Was it BURKE who said you cannot frame an indictment against a nation? FETHERSTONHAUGH can."

Thus SARK, in meditative mood, glancing round array of empty Benches. This the ninth day of Committee on Bill. Opposition loudly

complain that allotted period is all too short for work of such supreme importance. And what use do they make of it, such as it is? Only part of Chamber with any gathering of a crowd, any flicker of animation, is the Strangers' Gallery. Innocent public, taught that fabric of Empire is in danger of being riven to its centre, struggle for places whence they may watch a fight scarcely less momentous than that going forward at this very hour in Thrace. Remembering Ulster Day with its excited crowds, its wooden armament, its Royal salute to barristers out on the warpath, they reasonably anticipate something lively, probably tragic. A blackthorn bout across the Table between GENERAL CARSON, K.C., and WINSTON would be the very least they might look for.

Behold the scene they gaze down upon. On Treasury Bench sit two

Ministers, one (ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL) yawning, the other (WILLIAM JONES) smiling. HARRY CHAPLIN has Front Opposition Bench all to himself. Brought down with him sheaf of notes. Occupies spare time by covering himself with loose leaves as if he were one of the Babes in the Wood. Immediately behind him stands FETHERSTONHAUGH lamenting his countrymen's unconquerable tendency to murder and rapine. Above Gangway behind Treasury Bench sit two Members forlornly apart. Below Gangway on same side are eleven, six being of the Labour class who have no call to afternoon drives in the Park, nor desire to stroll about the Terrace. The Irish Nationalist camp is deserted, notably by its captain. A



"As if he were one of the Babes in the Wood."
(RT. HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.)

thin black line of British Members runs along Front Bench below Gangway on Opposition side. On Benches behind that on which rounded contour of HARRY CHAPLIN's figure is steadily disappearing under scattered pages of his manuscript are seated as many as ten Members, chiefly from Ulster, each evidently on the spot to take advantage of opportunity to make a speech.

This condition of things continuing through next hour, a count was moved. For anxious moment there appeared risk of farce terminating in tragedy of House counted out, by reason of impossibility of keeping within hail forty Members to assume the virtue of interest in the debate even if they had it not. By desperate effort of Government Whip grotesque conclusion averted. A quorum was mustered, counted by the SPEAKER and verified. Whereupon BUTCHER resumed his

interrupted address, Members who had pleased the WHIP by running in to "make a House" pleasing themselves by incontinently strolling forth again.

Yet it would be difficult to exaggerate importance of business to the fore, involving vital interests of the Empire betrayed by a reckless Government that will not allot more than twenty-seven days to Committee stage of their iniquitous Bill.

This, as already mentioned, is the ninth day.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill ran narrow risk of being counted out. On division taken at 10.30 P.M. 540 Members voted, giving Government majority of 114. Not even the odd 40 had heard the debate throughout.

THE SECRET FLAME.

ALL well-furnished houses should have boxes of wooden matches scattered about them wherever the eye may fall, nestling on every ledge, crouching in every cranny; softly and gently they should insinuate themselves into the hand of the smoker without conscious effort on his part; it is only so that the train of lofty thought can continue uninterrupted. It is the invariable habit, however, of domestic servants to take away all boxes of matches but one out of a room, and hide them carefully in the remotest grottoes of the kitchen.

I explained all this at some length to Elmira, and she said, "Mary will get you another box of matches if you ring the bell, dear." I was justly annoyed.

"When the great Sir WALTER RALEIGH," I began again, "returned from the newly discovered continent of America, he brought back with him two priceless boons, potatoes to cheer the soul of woman, and tobacco to solace the heart of man. In those barbaric days, however, it was still necessary to replenish the fire of the sacred hearth-pipe with a red-hot coal held carefully in the tongs—tongs must have been made to open in those times—and it was not until some extraordinary genius, pacing alone amidst blue-shadowed forests of pines, had been struck with their remarkable commercial possibilities, that a new and better era began to dawn. This man met and confabulated with two other master minds: the one had travelled abroad, and gazed upon the terrible grandeur of the sulphur mines of Sicily, possibly also had read

the *Inferno* of DANTE, the other had spent hours rowing about in the moonlit sea, watching the phosphorescent water drip from the quiet oar blades. Out of this union of mighty spirits came the great discovery. "Thenceforward illimitable foison—" But Elmira had gone away to order the dinner.

That morning I went out stealthily and bought a dozen boxes of Cygnet Pine Vestas and locked them up carefully in the drawer of my writing-desk.

A few days afterwards, when Elmira came to dust it (this, of course, cannot be entrusted to a servant), she tried to open the locked drawer. "Hallo! what's in there?" she said. "Nothing," I answered, blushing rather guiltily. "Nothing—only some old things I was going to burn."

Elmira turned rather pale. She did not speak, but I feel convinced that this is not the end. Next time that I am out in the evening there will be a rather dramatic little episode in our flat. The door of my study will open very softly, the light will be switched on, and Elmira will appear in her dressing-gown with her hair down. I don't know why, but somehow this appears to be the correct costume for crises of the sort. She will go to the opposite end of the room in a crouching attitude, and look behind the window curtains. Then she will say, "Hist!" lay her finger on her lip, and steal up to the desk. She will have a gimlet or a bradawl, or possibly an adze in her hand. There will be a very tense moment indeed while she fumbles noisily with the lock, and once she will look round over her right shoulder with a guilty start. . . . Then at last the drawer will burst open, and she will find—well, I have told you what she will find. But it will not be the regulation packet of love-letters, dust-covered and yellowing with age. And the audience, if it has in its veins the blood I credit it with, will demand its money back at the door.

BACON'S SYMPHONIES.

THE wide range of works hitherto attributed to other authors but now incontestably proved to have emanated from the brain and pen of the omniscient BACON has been further enlarged by a momentous discovery, details of which have been communicated to us by the famous composer, Professor Bilger.

Briefly stated, the discovery amounts to this, that BACON=BEETHOVEN+BACH.

The proofs are as follows:—

If we take the name FRANCIS we find the letters F, A and S stand for the



Blood (to the latest in Commissionaires). "OH—ER—COULD YOU GET US A—TAXI, OR—HAY-WAGGON, OR SOMETHING?"

key signatures of three of BEETHOVEN'S symphonies, viz.: No. 6 in F, No. 7 in A, and No. 3 in E flat, or Es in its German equivalent.

But the surname BACON is even richer in corroborative evidence. For not only are the initial and final letters (B and N) identical with those of BEETHOVEN, but the intervening letters A C O stand for Associate of the College of Organists.

Again, BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, which obviously stands for B(ac)ONN. His Christian name was LUDWIG, which, when separated into its component parts, "(my) Lud" and "wig," points with irresistible force to the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lastly, the identification of BACON

with the Leipzig Cantor leaps to the eye when the two names BACON and BACH are set side by side, the "H" having been added merely as a blind.

Professor Bilger is also inclined to believe that BACON was SPOHR, but the chain of evidence is not yet complete. He has however shown that BACON is "Speck" in German, and "speck" in English = "spot," the difference of which from SPOHR is so slight as to be negligible.

"The export of Irish eggs last year to the United Kingdom was the second largest in total quantity and value, amounting to 6,488,776, and the value is returned at £2,940,227."—*Liverpool Echo*.

This makes an omelette rather an expensive affair.

AT THE PLAY.

"CALLISTO" AND "THE LITTLE DREAM."

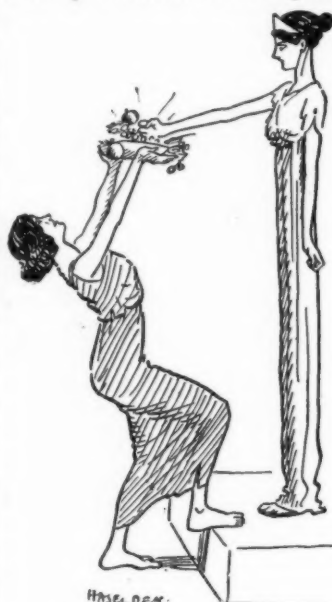
WHEN the first scene of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's Ballet without words showed us an Academy for Young Gentlewomen (kept by *Artemis*) going through their callisthenics with a very perfect propriety, I wondered a little what the author was doing in so correct a company. But when one of the pupils, *Callisto*, was rusticated for unsociable conduct, and to her, in her solitary depression, entered a piping Faun (Mr. FRASER OUTRAM), who executed a delightful MAURICE dance, I recognised my HEWLETT, and was confident that the young lady would shortly be consoled. (I hope, by the way, that *Callisto*, in her subsequent home-life with the Faun, hinted to him that there should be a more obvious collusion between his pipe and the orchestral flute.) Miss MARGARET MORRIS was really excellent in all moods—virginal, amorous, maternal—for *Callisto* becomes the mother of the dearest little boy-girl (Miss IRIS ROWE)—and finally dolorous and repentant. A charming dance-suite and very well suited to the capacity of Miss MORRIS' pupils.

I cannot honestly say the same for Mr. GALSWORTHY's *Little Dream*. On paper it would probably be pleasant enough, but for stage purposes it was too full of impracticable allegory. Its motive was the moral contrast between the appeal of Nature's solitude and the attractions of the life of the town. The two were typified in the solid flesh by a native guide and a mountaineering tourist from the gay city—each in love with a soft-spoken and very ladylike cow-girl, resident among the Dolomites. They were also represented, with equal solidity, by two local peaks, the Cow Horn and the Wine Horn. Taking turns, with the limelight alternately on each to show which was supposed to be speaking, these two dangerous peaks threw off a deal of sombre rhetoric illustrative of their respective points of view. I never rightly understood, by the way, the nice distinction drawn between this pair of natural excrescences—why one mountain should represent the aloofness of Nature, and the other (no less a part of Nature) should typify the whirl of human society.

Anon, on the wings of a dream, we were conveyed to the haunts of fashion. Here a veritable orgy of incongruities met our astonished gaze. There was the ladylike cow-girl from the Dolomites; a mute in classical drapery; a Florentine mandolinist; the mountaineering tourist in full twentieth-century evening dress with white waistcoat; a goat-god

from the period of Pan, and several symbolic dancers of no particular era. It was like a canvas by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE. As for the goat-god, I think he must have drifted in by mistake out of Mr. HEWLETT's ballet. I was not surprised that the health of the cow-girl from the Dolomites visibly declined in this riotous atmosphere. My wonder was reserved for Miss MARGARET MORRIS, that so intelligent a lady should have chosen an allegory that offered so few natural openings to her company of dancers.

Mr. GALSWORTHY's allegory was followed by a selection from a generous



"O, take the nasty fruit away,
I won't have any fruit to-day."

Callisto . . . Miss MARGARET MORRIS.
Artemis . . . Miss WINIFRED DURIE.

programme of isolated dances. It suffered a check, I understand, from the intervention of the London County Council, who insisted on putting the children to bed by 10 P.M. Another difficulty was the darkness of the auditorium, which compelled me to step out into the lighted passage if I wanted to identify the item in the programme. Miss KATHLEEN DILLON danced a very charming "Sylphide," but the best performance was Miss MARGARET MORRIS's very vivacious rendering of (I think) an "Arabesque" of DEBUSSY's, though she danced with bare feet on a soft carpet when the music wanted the ring of heels on a hard floor.

She was good, too, in funereal vein, but "The Death-Dance of Graine" was too protracted for a spectacle of grief. Indeed there was too little interpretation of actual dance-music, too much of mere

mimetic movement. All ended with an extremely decorous "Bacchanale," which, apart from Miss MORRIS's share in it, might have figured with acceptance in the programme of any school-girls' entertainment—parents admitted.

I venture to compliment the Mistress of the Ceremonies. Miss MORRIS has a youthful and gracious figure (would I could say as much of all our "classical" dancers!); a most intelligent face, not given to vacant smiling; a fine suppleness of limb; and an instant sensitiveness for the suggestions of her theme. And, if she cannot impart all her trained gifts to her young pupils, she has at least taught them something more than the first principles of an art which can never be learnt in perfection without ripe experience and the development of individuality. And by that time the gift of youth, the best gift of all, is so often gone.

O. S.

"TWO FOR MIRTH."

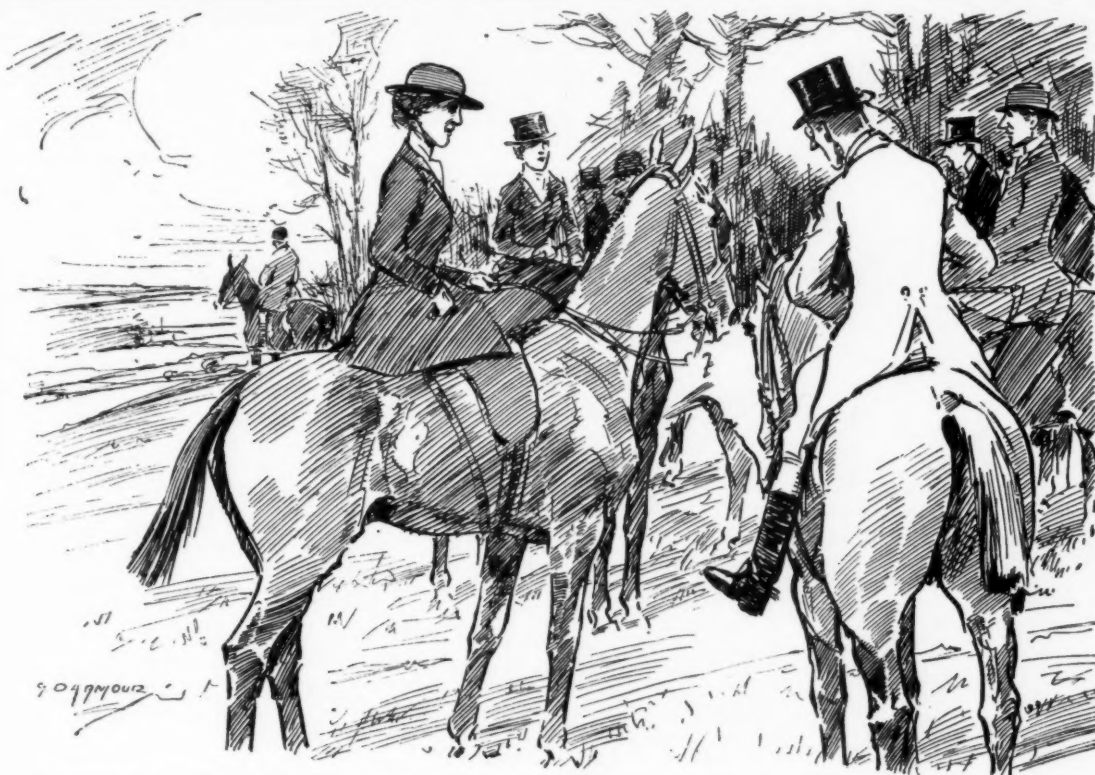
(The Magpies of St. James'.)

PIED daws that flit
And flirt your tails
Among the grit
And soot that sails
Upon our urban breezes,
Each wintry morn
Your moods I mark
Where all forlorn
St. James's Park
Shows little else that pleases!

Though walking to
My daily desk,
Your jet-black blue,
Your picturesque
Pure white amid the dreary
Rain-sodden air
And fallen leaves,
Oh, jolly pair
Of dapper thieves,
Seem admirably cheery!

"For sadness one,"
The saying went,
"A pair for fun
And merriment;"
So, friends of dainty feather,
The oracles
Of happy Fate,
Of kindly spells
And fortunate,
I hail you both together!

And cheered of mind
I go my ways,
Though chill the wind
And though the day's
As sombre as a Quaker,
Since here you pry
Upon the grass—
Good luck, say I
For all who pass
Through good St. James's acre!



Notoriously "Hard Funker" (commenting on his new horse). "FINE PERFORMER HE IS, TOO. JUMPED THREE GATES WITH ME THE OTHER DAY."
Lady (innocently). "REALLY! BOLTED, I SUPPOSE?"

CORRESPONDENCE RE-ARRANGED.

(1) Acknowledging the Receipt of a Wedding Present.

DEAR MADAM,—Yours of the 23rd inst. to hand, with enclosure.

In thanking you for the same, we venture to mention a small matter. The mark on the bottom of the salver is not entirely distinct, and we are left in doubt as to whether it is the official Lion (indicating sterling silver) or another mark, pointing to someone's Patent Plate. In the circumstances we have deemed it wise to submit the article to an assayer, and we hope that his report will be to hand shortly.

Should our expert's view be as favourable as we hope and trust it will, we take this opportunity of reminding you that our Silver Wedding will be celebrated on the 25th day of November, 1937.

Thanking you for your kind favours in the past and respectfully soliciting the honour of their continuance in the future,

We remain, dear Madam,
Your obedient Servants,
MORRIS AND MORRIS.

(2) To an Insurance Company.

DEAREST,—All the long and tiresome formalities which have stood between us are now nearly at an end. In a word, you have, sweet, accepted all my proposals and we go through life together, its sorrows as well as its joys, its sickness, maladies, broken limbs, loss of eyes, fires, thefts from private residences and professional premises, shipwrecks, riots, mutinies, blockades, Acts of God and attacks of Foreign Princes. So far from parting us in the future, these things shall only draw us closer together. And, lastly, when the ultimate bond shall be sealed, I place my Life in your dear hands and think the annual sum of £23 13s. 4d. which I have settled upon you but a small price to pay for the many blessings and boons you are about to confer upon me.

Forgive me if I touch on a melancholy subject, but at this solemn time I must refer to that event, the mere idea of which is repulsive to both of us. When I die, my own, swear to me that you will not instantly forget all about me and all the promises you have made. But I feel assured.

Yours JOHN.

(3) Answer to a Money-Lender's Letter.

Mr. John Morris greatly regrets that, owing to the pressure of prior and long-standing engagements, he is unable to accept Mr. Levinstein's kind invitation to call on him personally at his office and negotiate a loan for any sum from five pence to five million pounds.

(4) Answer to an Invitation to Dine.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your memo. of the 23rd ult., our client, Mr. John Morris, instructs us to inform you that he has placed the same in our hands and given us authority, as his solicitors, to represent and protect his interests. This, we take it, includes not only the accepting of service of notices, etc., but also the duty of entering an appearance for him, when the proper time comes. With reference to the latter, will you be so good as to inform our Mr. Tibbs, who will attend to the matter, whether the occasion is such as to necessitate a white waistcoat?

Trusting to hear from you in the course of a post or two,

We remain, etc.,
TIBBS AND TIBSON.

ZACYNTHUS.

I NOTICE that Mr. PLOWDEN, of the Marylebone Police Court, has been giving his views on the various tests of drunkenness and that he doesn't think much of those usually applied by the doctors—which is another blow to that suffering profession.

I happen to be in a position to give Mr. PLOWDEN some valuable help, for I possess the diaries of the Rev. Augustus Strongitharm, formerly of St. Paul's College, Oxford, who served his College and his University in many capacities, and was noted among his contemporaries for a dry and genial humour. At first sight there would not appear to be a very close relation between a College Don and the subject of drunkenness, but it must be remembered that Mr. Strongitharm was for some time a Proctor, and was thus brought into collision with many noisy young men, flown with insolence and wine, at a period when Oxford had not yet adopted the temperate methods of to-day. Mr. Strongitharm, it will be seen, had his own tests and found them very successful.

Here are some extracts from his MS. volumes:—

Nov. 5, 185.—Usual Town and Gown disturbances, but nothing serious. Intercepted a party of ten undergraduates. They fled, leaving one in my hands. He swayed a great deal from side to side, as well as backwards and forwards, so I asked him to repeat after me the words "my eldest brother is a rascal." At first he refused, saying he was not there to have his family insulted. Afterwards pleaded he was an only son, but finally consented, and did fairly well. Being asked to spell the word "rascal" he laughed loudly and made the attempt, saying with great solemnity "r-a-l-s-c-a," and adding that he knew he'd got the "l" in all right, and didn't care about the rest. He must be admonished.

Nov. 18, 185.—Salter, the youngest Fellow, distresses me by his inability to carry his wine like a gentleman. In Common Room to-night he grew noisy. Finally, to test him, I asked him if he had read *As You Like It*. Replied that he knew the blessed thing by his blessed heart. Told him to say quickly—

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.

A ghastly failure. He then retired in dudgeon. The story will be all over Oxford to-morrow.

May 26, 185.—Bump suppers everywhere. Had a most lively and amusing evening. Met ten oarsmen, five being carried pick-a-back by the others. Engaged them in conversation and found them in a rather genial state of melancholy. Asked them one after another to repeat after me—"The British constitution is suited to British citizens and the constitution of Zacynthus is suited to Zacynthus's citizens." None of them got clear through the first three words, but they all insisted on repeating the whole passage and laughed heartily at one another. We broke up with three cheers for Zacynthus.

I have numerous additional examples if Mr. PLOWDEN would like them.

From an account in *The Daily Mirror* of "B.-P.'s" wedding present to his wife:

"The lettering is in green and gold. On the left side is a boy scout sitting at ease on his staff."

A common editorial feat.

"Advertiser, having £4 Income, requires Partner £1500 to £2000." *Advt. in "Scotsman."*

A very natural desire.

SUGAR.

[A suggestion has been made that men should take to eating sweets instead of drinking alcohol. The results are said to be the same.]

Away, O juices of the grape, away!

To you and all strong waters, white or red,

I have been loyal, I regret to say,

For many a year; but now your spell is dead.

I do recant; and, from this present day,

I shall eat sweets instead.

I shall no longer, howsoever I pine,

Tackle the noonday dram or vinous lunch;

It shall suffice me, even when I dine,

Some saccharine substitute alone to munch;

Nay, I will conquer a strong taste of mine

For midnight brews of punch.

For there is news that gives one much to think,

News that the faculty has noised abroad,

That all the cheer and stingo of the Drink—

The alcoholic drink—is but a fraud;

That sugared almonds, be they white or pink,

Do just as well, when gnawed.

I am a faddist, and embrace this fad,

And, though it something try me at the first,

Some chocolate (how cheap) when I am sad,

Some acid-drops (how simple) when athirst,

Will do—and these combined will give a glad

Feeling when on the burst.

And why? 'Tis known that lovers of the grape

Put on a bibulous aspect plain to see,

Which has too often cooked their amorous goose,

Maids jibbing at the same; and it may be

That the bland sweet may work, with temperate use,

A dulcet spell on me.

And when that sugaring process is complete,

And I am sweetened for the privilege,

Of Julia then this boon will I entreat

(Ah, heaven!) that I may take a box and pledge

Her with a sweet, both from and to the sweet,

She having kissed its edge. DUM-DUM.

HOOTS!

In a dissertation on the hooting nuisance, Mr. FILSON YOUNG writes as follows (the italics are his): "*Let the sounding of horns be prohibited for one month, say, in the Mayfair area, and then let the corpses be counted. I don't think there would be many.*"

Quite by chance we obtained in the palm court of the Hotel Cecil a quaint transatlantic view of the suggestion. "I have just seen in one of your evenin' noospapers," said a shrewd-looking man, "the smartest advertisement I have ever read on this side. Here it is, Sir—right slap in among matter, and printed in eyetalics so's to look like a literary extract which is too good to miss. Yes, Sir, I guess this Mayfair undertaker of yours is the slickest burier you've got; and if I ever die in this country I shall send for this FILSON YOUNG. I'm a business man, and I'd like to be buried by a business man."

War Note.

"The Isle of Man," we read, "has proclaimed its neutrality." This is a nasty set-back for the Greeba Castle contingent which Mr. HALL CAINE had thought of raising for the siege of Tarabosh.



First Vendor of Besoms. "I DON'T KNOW 'OW YOU SELLS 'EM FOR A PENNY. I STEALS THE 'AFTS, I STEALS THE BIRCH, AND I STEALS THE BINDIN'S AND 'AVE TO ASK TUPPENCE." Second Vendor of Besoms. "I STEALS 'EM READY-MADE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GALSWORTHY'S new volume of collected comments of life and letters is happily named *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Mr. HEINEMANN'S windmill decks its title-page. It is a sober, restful and gentle book. Through it shines, with almost too intimate a sense of personality, so that one seems somehow to be eavesdropping, the sensitive, perplexed temperament of the fastidious and reflective weaver of exquisite words. One will place the studies according to one's bent. That of the two German brothers, bootmakers, with their splendid pride in their craft and their ultimate financial failure, is a beautiful sombre piece of portraiture, lighted with a human tenderness. The shafts of biting irony in "My Distant Relative"—the inveterate discreet sponger on aunts and others, who feels so strongly that the poor are being demoralised by having things done for them and thereby losing their fighting power—hits the very gold. It is written in a mood entirely characteristic of the maker of *The Silver Box*. "The Black Godmother," which describes a stupid unintentional cruelty to a dog, is almost too poignant in its revelation of the writer's tenderness for the dumbly suffering. "Memories," another dog study, will delight those who recall *John*, the spaniel of *The Country House*. But one runs on. There are deeper matters of criticism, speculation and protest; delicate matters of fancy. A rebuke to scribblers in the matter of overwriting themselves is given in "Wanted—schooling." And it is really jolly to find so fastidious a writer approv-

ing, by example, the tactful splitting of infinitives, which we all find so entirely convenient and are all too much of, literary snobs to commit—save by accident. A fter all language was made for man, not man for language!

Never having travelled in Andalusia, or for the matter of that in any other part of Spain, I am, I conceive, exceptionally well qualified to comment on *The Guadalquivir* (CONSTABLE), a book written by PAUL GWYNNE. It does not, however, require a very large ignorance of the country described to appreciate Mr. GWYNNE'S book, for it has qualities that must commend it even to the most extensive Spanish travellers. It is the work of a man who is not only shrewd and observant, but also sympathetic and humorous—humorous, that is to say, without ostentation. He tells us that anything we like in his *olla podrida* is due entirely to his assistants. He gives a list of them, which includes CERVANTES (believed by some, he says, to have largely assisted BACON in the writing of *Don Quixote*), VELASQUEZ, MURILLO, and, in addition to these spiritual companions, DON ANGEL PIZARRO Y CABAS, who lent his corporal presence and who, though being made in the outer semblance of a brigand, possessed the most constant and patient kindness the author has ever met with in man. In reading this book I have found myself drawn almost insensibly by a spirit of agreeable banter from page to page and from chapter to chapter. I should have liked to linger at Villahueca or Villaharta, two neighbouring villages whose inhabitants detest and despise one another with an intense local patriotism. "The things that Villahueca knows of

Villaharta," says Mr. GWYNNE, "are enough to make every white-washed cottage in the latter place blush vivid rose-colour. Villaharta has a church without a steeple. And why? Because the people of Villaharta are so stupid that, when the steeple was half-built and they had no more material, they began pulling out the stones from underneath to place them on the top." Villaharta, on the other hand, knows that the inhabitants of Villahueca are sulky, ignorant, boorish, idiotic and immoral. Mr. GWYNNE approves patriotism and says "be hanged to the brotherhood of man." The book is agreeably and appropriately illustrated, but I failed to discover the name of the artist.

There is an undoubted fascination in the spectacle of an unpunished criminal doing good with his ill-gotten gains. Even if the gains were gotten considerably after his crime, and have no connection with it, the charm is almost as great. Such a central figure made the fortune of that most effective of melodramas, *The Silver King*; and might have done as much for Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' latest novel, *Mary Pechell* (METHUEN), if the writer had shown greater reliance upon him. But the story of *Richard Caryll*, and the delightfully ingenious fraud that started him on his career of fortune, are hardly (to my mind) handled for half what they should be worth. Thus the disclosure, when at last it comes about, loses in effect. For all that, *Mary Pechell* is a pleasant enough story, in its quiet way, and full of pleasant quiet folk. Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES is becoming something of a specialist in love-tales, and the present gives her scope for two well-contrasted examples—that of *Mary Pechell* herself, hesitating between the suits of *John Ryman*, the virtuous egoist, and *Richard Caryll* (and eventually selecting, in the last chapter, that one whom you can probably already guess)—and the companion picture of dear old *Miss Rose Charnwood*, whose girlhood's love returns, as such persons do in books, to clasp her to his elderly breast. This, to do it justice, is an incident very tenderly and engagingly told. But, as I say, my favourite figure was *Caryll*, and I have only against him the feeling that as a most promising criminal he hardly represents quite the "source of innocent merriment" I had been led to expect.

According to the fat red book that tells me who everyone else is, one of "KATHARINE TYNAN'S" favourite recreations is talking to a good listener. One of mine (the others are golf and Sir JOHN BENN'S speeches in the L.C.C. debates) happens to be listening to a good talker. And that is just what I felt I was doing when I read her *Honey, My Honey* (SMITH, ELDER). For Mrs. HINKSON has so truly this gift of the good talker or story-teller that it doesn't much matter what she talks about. There is no need for her to tickle your palate with the newest problem of modern life. She can breathe freshness into characters and topics that have been used over and over again, as a clever needlewoman

will take an old-fashioned gown and turn it and twist it and gore it and busk it (I speak under correction) till it is as good as new, and need not fear to walk down Bond Street side-by-side with the latest creation of the most popular *modiste* of a hobble-skirted day. So that I mean no disrespect to her last book when I say that in her pleasant story of English country-house life she has used a good deal of old material. We all know the beneficent will that unfortunately never was signed, and the sweet daughter about to be sacrificed to an elderly husband to pay her father's debts, and even the homely New England Poppas and Mommas who come and settle in our ancestral homes, and how we look upon them as intruders till our young men and maidens fall in love with their fascinating fairy-like daughters and strong clean-shaven sons. We could all write about them, and marry them off in assorted couples, and make everything end happily and reasonably without going an inch outside our recollections of the produce of Grub Street. But we couldn't do it—that's where the good talker comes in—with the charm and

freshness of Mrs. HINKSON'S writing, which I personally find very soothing and recreative in the midst of a world that is full of trouble and bad novels.

There is an obvious danger in writing a book the farcical humour of which is mainly derived from the narrator of the story professing to be a fool, and with regret I have to say that Mr. EDWARD BURKE, in *Bachelors' Buttons* (JENKINS) has not overcome it. In fact, *Edward Delland* taxes my credulity to such an extent that I am inclined to say that no

one outside a lunatic asylum was ever quite so absurd as he was. We are asked to believe that this man, who, until he inherited a fortune, had been a master in a boys' college for seventeen years, did not know enough—generally speaking—"to come in out of the rain." Women simply scared him out of the few wits he had, and when he went to a registry office to engage servants he thought that he had to give *his* character, and performed other amazing (but not amusing) exploits while he was there. Neither can I say much in favour of the girl who married him; she was certainly robust enough and would have been a perfect terror in a mixed hockey match, but her feminine qualities left me cold. Among the crowd of disagreeable or eccentric characters, one village girl, *Melia Hann*, is drawn so vividly that I hope in his next book Mr. BURKE will give up caricaturing duchesses—yes, there's a duchess—squires, and parsons' wives, and give us some real studies of the poor.

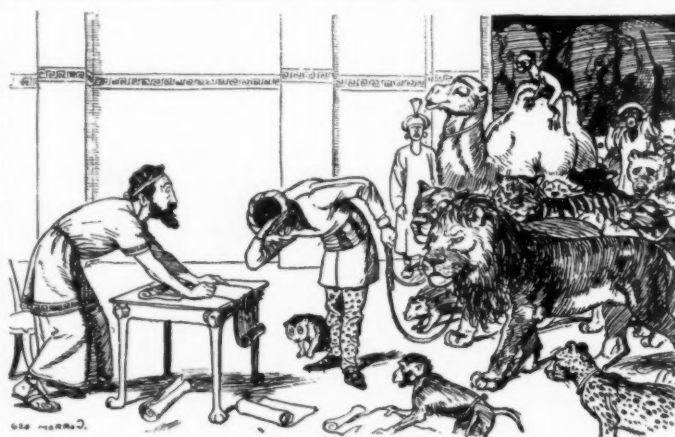
"ELECTRIC PALACE"

MR. PHILIP TONGE

will recite Tennyson's famous poem of 'THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.'

To-morrow afternoon arrangements have been made for the survivors to visit the theatre."—Advt. in "Daily Mail."

We are sure Mr. TONGE will not be as deadly as that.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT SENDS ARISTOTLE A FEW SPECIMENS OF THE FAUNA OF ASIA TO ASSIST HIM IN HIS GREAT WORK ON NATURAL HISTORY.